building, so can effect the very reverse—an effect suicidal—is produced, when a green cabbage at one flank, and a brown birch broom at the other, a thin soldier shedding a tear over an unknown wild beast in the middle, red and yellow roses blooming upon broccoli, and an equidistant feather-bed bursting in the air, are all that can be introduced as embellishment.

Gothic architects ought also to be proficient in modelling and carving to a small extent, as a matter of delineation; except they prefer to leave all details of ornament in the hands of the workman, who, although a meritorious and trustworthy artisan, may, nevertheless, be not so much a man of good feeling as to forbear saying, "I did it all myself: these architects know nothing about it." My son, as you grow up you will find (while I think of it) that in this respect the poor architect is the butt of every ignorant person under him. His clerk says he cannot draw at all well: his builders declare him to be quite incompetent, constantly requiring to be kept right: the very journeymen wink to each other behind the best man's back, in the profundity of their philosophy: and this, however much the result only of the pragmatical dogmatism of emptiness, is at the same time the result, not unnaturally, of that complexity of calling which cannot but occasion a want of confidence.

But to proceed: in my remarks on art, I forbore to enlarge upon one point, which falls in better here. The art of architectural design, or artificial beauty in building, I laid down to be of two elements—beautification of structural forms and extrinsic ornament. Now, in both of these points the question of delineation is of great practical moment: in fact, delineation may be declared to be not only the handmaid of the fancy to wait upon it, but also the prime minister beforehand to regulate its action and supply its material. Much of the power of beautifying structural forms lies in habituation and practice. And in respect of ornamentation, the designer's skill depends even still more so upon these. For when we look at the essence of ornament, whether geometrical or natural in character, it is manifest that practical proficiency in its use is chiefly proficiency in its *application* as a thing much more experimental than metaphysical—more a matter of precedent than invention. That is to say, ornament is matter more to be collected from nature and art; not, like structural beauty, matter of special invention of beautiful form. Therefore, in the department of ornament, it is manifest that delineation is the mainstay of the designer, that he attains his skill by accumulation of examples and practice of hand, by study of the contributions of the ages and dexterity in the application of their principles.

It occurs to me to argue, in conclusion, thus:—Many persons, as I have before observed, are inclined to affirm that the painter makes the best architect. Why so? Because of the fact that his powers are entirely and intimately those of the production of beautiful form—grandeur, grace, grouping, the picturesque, *chiaro-scuro*, breadth, repose, play, harmonious mass, melodious outline. And they presume that the other questions of architectural skill will be supplied from elsewhere—by the builder probably, or the architect. Now, how are we most truly to read this theory? Simply thus: that these advisers discern in the architect a deficiency in respect of artistic power: they acknowledge and perceive the admirableness of architectural art; so much so, indeed, as to demand that the incompetent, as they conclude, be dismissed from its government,—that this art be entrusted to the artist, and no longer to the house-dealer. Of course they, being ignorant of how the lamp of architecture-art must be lighted at the lamps of science and building, do not perceive that the mere painter would produce no *architecture* at all, but merely the fashioning of what might as well be a rock or a heap of snow as a building: they demand beauty in the abstract—the beauty which they recognise in the works of the painter. Learn, then, my son, a lesson from this. What is so likely to supply this asserted want—this superiority of the painter—as the acquirement for yourself of the painter's power? Devote yourself, therefore, to the matter of delineation with earnestness—every part of it, and more than enough rather than less. If even you should have to light your way by another man's lamps in practical science and building, it is better—a much more practicable thing—than to depend on another for either art or delineation. K.

NOTES OF AN ARCHITECT IN SPAIN.

On the 1st of July, 1848, we left Marseilles for Barcelona. We started in the *Elbe* steamer, and after circumnavigating the celebrated chateau *D' If*, soon lost sight of the distant mountain peaks which flank Marseilles, and got clear off for Spain. The voyage was dreadful; the decks continually washed, and the cabins full of water. We arrived at sunset the next day, twelve hours after our proper time, and then, owing to absurd port regulations, had to spend the night on board, and as Spanish authorities never hurry themselves, did not land until about twelve the next day.

The first view of Spanish ground did not enchant me, being rather sterile and flat: the town, however, is very bustling and thriving, being *the* commercial city of Spain.

There are many remarkable Gothic remains here. The "Deputacion," once the palace of the kings of Aragon, and the cathedral are the two most complete specimens in the town. The palace has a very picturesque court-yard and staircase of a rich fanciful Gothic, and the cathedral possesses the most solemn and effective interior I have seen for some time. Its style of architecture, though fantastic, is excellent in effect, perhaps aided by its being unfinished. The plan is remarkable, the cloisters being immensely large and forming a component part of it. The chapels which indent all sides of the cloisters, are filled with rich retablos—a species of altar-screen,—and some very good old paintings, in their original Gothic framework, curiously worked, coloured, and gilded. The iron gates or rejas of some of these chapels are beautifully wrought, and there is throughout an exuberance of sculpture and painting, and a fertility of invention, which, setting all conventional rules at defiance, must yet excite great admiration. In the church also, there is much good iron work. The Norman doorway to cloisters is excellent. The bosses of ceiling in nave are worked round the edges with black painted foliage, carried off, on the plain grey-stone work of vaulting—(very fair effect). The pulpit and the stalls are mixed Gothic and Renaissance: the carving is wonderfully rich, fanciful and bold. The light of the cathedral is very dim, the windows few, and the effects very striking: so dark is it in parts, that you do not see the black kneeling figures of the women praying close beside you until a whirr of the fan startles your ears. This is the case generally in Spanish churches; and if the darkness is typical of their mental state, it imparts a mysterious awe, very different to the glaring richness of most churches. Beneath the organ is suspended a Saracen's head, which rolls its eyes when music is going on, a curious relic of old Spanish revenge. The organ, loaded with statues, busts, and festoons, is placed over a dark receding archway, and forms a good picture, if nothing else. The fonts are numerous and curious. Some of the painted glass windows are very fine: the heads of the statuettes and draperies are full of sentiment and truth. In fine, taken altogether I have never seen a church so awful, so picturesque, and so artistic. This may arise, however, from the artificial darkness before alluded to, and my having seen it under the effects of a splendid sunset. The other churches are not very remarkable, though good, and the Roman antiquities *are* Roman, that being their greatest attraction.

The Rambla is a fine walk, but the new buildings are in a poor imitative French style, poorly carried out. The Liceo Theatre is very large and pretty well decorated: the space between pit seats is 2 feet 9 inches, rather more than necessary. The boxes are open throughout: there are no visible supports, but I should prefer some, on so large a scale, if only to give the *idea* of security. There is a restaurant and *café* attached to it: its exterior has nothing noticeable. Inn, the Contro Naciones, dear and not clean: try the Oriente. The ceilings at Barcelona are formed of wooden joists, filled up with half-brick arches: this appears to have been the general custom. After having sufficiently explored Barcelona, we took places in the diligence for Zaragossa, and suffered much on the road—which is of the dreariest and worst description—from not having provided ourselves with wine and provender, a *sine qua non* of the Spanish tourist.

Zaragossa is a rum, old, dirty, Italian-like town on the Ebro. In the immediate neighbourhood is some pretty good vegetation, stretching away into the most arid barrenness. Dust hangs about like a fog. The streets are narrow, many half ruined during the war of Independence, and roughly laid with large round stones, most painful to the pedestrian. The houses are old, dirty, and somb're: negligence and dilapidation are around you: palaces are workshops, and animals wander through the streets where no masters are seen. It seems like a ruined Babylon in the desert, and on the banks of the broad sluggish Ebro you half expect to see crocodiles sunning themselves.

There is a remarkable leaning tower here: it appears to be straight for about a fourth of the height; then it leans, and is capped by a cupola, which appears to have an opposite angle of inclination, thus making the whole mass a very awkward, unequal affair. It is of a mixed Gothic-Arabic character. There is a good staircase internally, which is covered throughout by brick corbelling. The view from the top is extensive and peculiar.

There are two cathedrals here, La Seu and El Pilar. The first has a fine Gothic dome, square on plan, coved out at angles to form an octagon. This octagonal portion of the dome, is platere-que;* the ribs which spring from it resting on twisted columns, with niches and statues between. Each intersecting groin has a boss, I believe, of gilded wood, spreading out in filigree ornament, like a large fan, very thin, and not over good. Above this ribbed dome again comes an octagonal lantern, with ribbed roof, the whole very rich and effective. The retablo is a very fine one, of a flamboyant Gothic character. The chief feature in this, and others I have seen, is an immense quantity of painted sculpture, saints, sacred subjects, and local legends, with a large rich foliage, worked moulding enclosing the whole. The light here, as at Barcelona, comes from very few and small windows, the great mass being in darkness. The general character of Gothic in this church is of a late and transition date. The Italian work is of the richest and most fantastic nature, and may be termed bad.

Santa Maria del Pilar is nothing externally, and internally, though very massive and effective, of the worst rambling grotesque Italian or Louis Quatorze: notwithstanding this, there are few churches in Italy of this style so fine: the solemn effect produced by a few windows is again remarkable. The screen behind the tabernacle is Gothic and gorgeous, and the centre dome being very large and having no lights, leads the imagination into vasty heights above: the effect is very fine and remarkable. The other churches of the town appear to possess little merit, that attached to the military hospital being the most peculiar.

The most striking features of Zaragossa are the court-yards or patios of the palaces, and the general street architecture: of the former there are examples in almost every style: the latter is of a Ferrarese character, with grand bracketted wooden cornice, sometimes double, very projecting; beneath this a range of double arched openings with a dado: the rest of the building, very plain, mere brick, no stone dressings or rustics, with a large single-arched doorway leading into a court, often of the most romantic and grotesque character: one of

* The style called "el Plateresco" in Spain was so named from its resemblance to richly-chased metal plates: it is also called "Le Berruguete," from the great architect and sculptor. Its best period is circa 1540, A.D., and it combines the delicacy and fancy of French Renaissance, with the grotesqueness of our Elizabethan.

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